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NOTICE.

. The charge for a number of the *MUSICAL WORLD* will henceforward be 4d. for town and country. Subscriptions, per annum, 16s.; per half-year, 8s.; per quarter, 4s.; delivered GRATIS on the day of publication.

TO TOWN SUBSCRIBERS.

. The publication of the *MUSICAL WORLD* having changed hands, the proprietors respectfully solicit that all who desire to subscribe from the present time will have the kindness to notify the same to Messrs. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, and to forward their Subscriptions in advance. A notification by letter, or verbal message, will receive immediate attention.

For the convenience of our West-End Subscribers, Advertisers, and Correspondents, Messrs. WESSEL and Co., 229, REGENT STREET, have kindly consented to receive Advertisements, Subscriptions, and Communications for the Editor.

TO COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS.

. It is respectfully announced that all who wish to continue subscribers to the *MUSICAL WORLD* from the present time will forward, by post office order, payable at Charing Cross, in favour of MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, or otherwise as convenient, the amount of subscription for a year, half a year, or a quarter, in advance, in order that the names may be regularly entered on the new list of subscribers. Applications for the *MUSICAL WORLD*, unaccompanied by the subscription in advance, cannot be attended to.

CHANGE OF OFFICE.

. The *MUSICAL WORLD* will henceforth be printed and published at the office of Messrs. MYERS and Co., 37, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, where Subscriptions, Advertisements, and all Communications for the Editor may be sent.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

. Arrangements have been made to produce the *MUSICAL WORLD* for the future every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, at which time it will invariably be ready for delivery.

Engagements have been entered into with several well-known writers, in the provinces and on the continent, who have undertaken to supply the *MUSICAL WORLD* with periodical correspondence on all subjects of musical interest. The services of a gentleman of high standing and ability have also been secured, for the purpose of reviewing such new publications as may be forwarded to the office with that view. This department will be strictly attended to. Original articles, from eminent pens, on general subjects of art, will also appear from time to time.

THE GREAT NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

WHAT will the Great National Exhibition do for music? What will it do for English music? What will English musicians do for the Great National Exhibition?

The three questions posed, it remains to find the answers. The first presents less difficulties than the two last. Inasmuch as music is concerned, purely as an art, we doubt if the Great Exhibition will do anything at all; we doubt, indeed, if it can do anything. We are sure, in fact, it will and can do nothing. But, as music is connected with the invention and improvement of musical instruments, it may do much. There are certain prejudices, bound up with recent experiments, which, if the judges be competent, may in all possibility be set at rest. It may also, perchance, be solved, who makes the best pianofortes, who the best violins, who the best harps. We have our own opinions on each point, but shall be pleased to stand corrected by our betters. We shall, indeed, be delighted if the flute controversy—the “Boehm flute” controversy—be settled, to the satisfaction, real or assumed, of the disputants. It is to be presumed that every man who has made a flute, after the fashion of his heart's desire, will offer up a sacrifice of his darling manufacture at the shrine of “collective wisdom;” it is to be hoped that he will make up his mind to submit to the verdict; and a faint wish may be cherished that the vanquished may not openly repine, whatever their inward chagrin. Another interesting matter will possibly come before the grand tribunal—the

matter of M. Saxe's instruments of brass and silver. For our own parts, we have unlimited faith in them, and are satisfied that, for what they are intended, nothing could possibly be better. M. Saxe looks for success and remuneration to the military bands of Europe. Only one or two of his instruments aim at ultimate connection with the regular orchestra, in which the "strings" play the principal character; and to say truth, only one or two are fit for such alliance. But, as adjuncts to military bands, we own a strong bias in their favor. The opponents of M. Saxe complain of monotony—of a certain similarity of tone, which, according to their argument, causes all the various instruments of his manufacture to sound alike, differing only in pitch and extension of register. This difficulty, we expect, the judges appointed at the Great National Exhibition will clear up. To adjudicate effectively, however, demands, not only scientific attainments, but a quick ear, a fine taste, and large experience.

It is reported that Sir Henry Bishop has been appointed first referee in the musical department of the Exhibition. That Sir Henry ought to form one of whatever conclave may be instituted, there can be little doubt; but we are bound to consider him a very improper person to entrust with the chief, much less the sole management. Calm in council, his presence will be useful in restraining the enthusiasm of younger coadjutors, and his example strong in defence of the truths inculcated by our predecessors, which the zealous partisans of modern supremacy may be apt to overlook. But, invested with absolute power, his influence would be the very opposite to beneficial. A man of the past, without sympathy for the transformations that have gradually developed themselves during the last twenty years, with no knowledge or love of the present style of music, his natural impulse would warn him to distrust innovation, to regard the signs of progress with indifference, and to check the aspirations of more youthful professors. If, then, it be true that to Sir Henry Bishop alone is consigned the task of advising the Commissioners upon questions connected with the art of music, an error has been committed which will go far to render the Great National Exhibition utterly impotent in reference to that particular department of human ingenuity and science. It would be easy and advisable to select a committee of ten from among the most eminent musicians resident in this empire, to legislate upon a subject which, of late years, has assumed a high position among the acknowledged media of civilization, and which, moreover, has risen to the grade of our chiefest popular amusement. Such a committee would really exercise a wholesome influence, and the public might rely upon the wisdom and justice of its decisions. Without such a committee we mean a committee composed, for the greater part, of men of the day, for whom the question of music has an active and immediate interest—we should not be surprised if the triple harp of a Welch singer of "Pennillion" were promoted before an Erard's "Improved Patent," or a harpsichord of the last century preferred to a Broadwood's "Grand." Such, in spite of

its engrossing hold upon the public mind, is the anomalous position of music in Great Britain, owing to the apathy and ignorance of those in high places. But in what a contemptible light would such a specimen of arbitration place the Great Exhibition of London, before the eyes of musical Europe. And yet nothing is more probable.

In regard to matters of pure art, we cannot suppose the Exhibition will have any direct influence; but its indirect influence, with good generalship, may turn out of immense advantage. With a million, or more, of foreigners, eager to see and hear all that can be heard and seen in London, what a field is open for legitimate enterprise! Now is the time for an English Opera, now the time for a real Society of British Musicians (not a sham one), to give a series of concerts, on a large and effective scale, and show the universal foreigner that we are not quite undeserving of respect; while to the Italian and Frenchman in particular, our composers and players might honourably demonstrate that they do not merit the contempt with which they have been treated. This is what English musicians may do for the Great National Exhibition, and this the Great National Exhibition for English music. Our singers too could prove to the astonished ears of the French that they have voices; and explain to the Italians how well they can sing much to which the "land of music" is entirely stranger. The Germans, as umpires, and the "Yankees," who have lately talked a great deal about the subject, as auditors, would constitute a fair and not incompetent tribunal. We see no other way in which the Great National Exhibition can benefit the art of music in this country; but if English musicians would avail themselves of it they must be up and stirring. There is no time to be lost. Visitors are already pouring into London; and unless measures be speedily taken, the market of speculation will be choked, and a golden opportunity lost for ever.

Since writing the above the following has appeared in the *Exhibition Express*, a special journal, issued every Saturday, by our contemporary, the *Daily News*:—

"We understand that metropolitan musical instruments will occupy about 3,400 feet at the Exhibition. There will be various specimens of organs, from the various London builders; among the rest there will be one gigantic church organ, containing upwards of thirty stops, with an independent pedal organ, upon the largest scale. The cost of this instrument will be several thousand pounds. There will also be an interesting instrument, designed by Colonel P. Thompson, M.P.—an enharmonic organ—the object of which is, by minute subdivision of the scale, to attain a perfect intonation. The ingenious Colonel will also exhibit an enharmonic guitar, the design of which is somewhat similar. No class of musical instruments will, we believe, be unrepresented. As might be expected, pianofortes will be most numerous. In this department the most eminent manufacturers are exerting their utmost powers to exemplify the superiority of native instruments. There will be several improvements exhibited, both as regards tone and mechanism. The number of exhibitors, it is anticipated, will amount to about seventy."

The organs, pianofortes, violins, &c., are all very well; but let us hope that time and space may not be occupied, to the detriment of things more useful and essentially musical, by inventions that are merely curious, and have exclusive relation to acoustics. To confound the abstract science of sound, a matter of dry mathematical calculation, with the art of music itself, which appeals no less to the heart and the imagination,

in its highest manifestations, than to the ear alone, in its lowest, is to confound the science of verbal derivation with the magnificent art of poetry. We have reason, however, to fear that the Commissioners are just as likely to make this mistake as another, equally absurd—that of confounding “music” with “instruments of music,” though the latter are to the former no more than bricks and mortar to a monument. We own that twice perusing the name of Colonel Thompson, M.P., has nearly thrown us into a fever.

MACREADY'S RETIREMENT.

THE dramatic career of this great tragedian is drawing to a close. On Monday next, Mr. Macready commences the first of the final performances of each of his characters. These will continue for three weeks, and terminate on February the 3rd, with *King Lear*. Such is the sad conclusion set forth in the bills, of the sincerity of which we cannot entertain a doubt. We fancied we espied of late a swerving from the original announcement. Certain small deviations from the spirit of the advertisement held out a faint hope that Mr. Macready might be persuaded to revoke his expressed determination. His last performances of each of his great characters were promised immediately after Christmas; but they have not yet taken place. Several parts were announced “for the last time but one,” and these have been repeated more than once, leaving the exceptional one still unfulfilled;—while, more recently, the “farewell performances” have not been insisted on and reiterated in the same explicit tone which we had been accustomed to in preceding bills. From all this, and from, perhaps, a wish that was “father to the thought,” we augured and hoped that the actor's resolution was giving way before an unexpected combination of circumstances. Knowing that one cause for the retirement of Mr. Macready existed in the decline of the legitimate drama, we were led to presume that his recent immense success had shaken his resolution, and induced him to believe in a better future for the stage. The contemplation of such a change would be sufficient excuse for any infraction of a pledge, contracted without consideration of what might arise in consequence. In the next place, we were aware Mr. Macready had selected a most extraordinary period for his leave taking; and as it was probable that many of his friends would counsel him to postpone it to the end of the present eventful year, so it was reasonable to hope that he himself might be influenced by arguments of such weight, and reasons so evident and unsophisticated. But, alas! despite the coquetting of bills, the sweetness of triumph that might have given birth to a dream of the stage's regeneration, and the golden gatherings to be counted on from the Great National Exhibition—which would have brought nations to pay homage to his genius—Mr. Macready stands fast to his intention, and retires from the stage on the very day proposed in his first announcement.

In taking his last farewell of the stage, we cannot help suggesting that Mr. Macready has left unperformed some characters which he ought to have played, and performed some

characters which might have been omitted without loss. About the latter we shall be silent, but in respect to the former, the reasons which induced him to pass over such parts as *Coriolanus*, *Henry the Fifth*, *Hotspur*, *Jacques*, and others, do not at present appear. Not, however, to use the language of reproach, when it is our chief business to deplore the loss of a great actor, let us, in all sincerity, advise the lovers of Shakspeare not to lose the chance of witnessing, for the last time, Mr. Macready's illustrations of the mighty bard. In one short month, nay, in less than one month, the greatest of modern actors will have left us for ever. A few years hence, his living glory will have sunk into the past—his name the sound of a tradition for unborn scepticism, perchance, to doubt and question. But by those who have seen and understood him he can never be forgotten.

M. GOUNOD.

Who is M. Gounod? The question will be partly solved, next Wednesday night, when Mr. Hullah, at his third Monthly Concert, intends to produce some new sacred compositions at St. Martin's Hall. If we may credit the *Athenæum*, the world will shortly be presented with a new composer, in the person of M. Gounod, about whose “striking and original genius” that journal has been preaching for nine months past. Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia, too, a great authority, has shewn extraordinary confidence in the promise of M. Gounod, to whom she has, in a measure, entrusted her own reputation. M. Emile Augier having written the *libretto* of a two-act opera, to which M. Gounod composed the music, a part being expressly dedicated to his celebrated patroness, Madame Viardot has used her influence in procuring a hearing for it, at the Grand Opera. With such encouragement, and such prospects, it will be strange if M. Gounod fails to make a bold stroke for a triumph, even should his talents have been overestimated by his intimate friends. But what we hear, and from credible authority—independent of the *Athenæum*, with whose musical opinions we are not always in accord—leads us really to hope for something remarkable, if not something absolutely new. The name of M. Gounod's opera is *Sappho*. It is, we believe, already in rehearsal, and, if report may be trusted, will shortly be produced.

Our only doubt as to the issue of M. Gounod's dramatic essay is founded on the fact of his already having passed that time of life at which genius or distinguished talent is commonly declared. Many years ago, a pupil of the *Conservatoire*, in Paris, he gained the “*Prix de Rome*,” since which event he has not shewn a disposition to venture into public life, or, if so, without result. It is true the “*Prix de Rome*” can scarcely be considered a distinction, having so often been the reward of mediocrity, or of a certain facility, common in youth, which sparkles for a time and deceives, then flickers, and soon goes out altogether, like the lamp when the oil is exhausted. But it is difficult to imagine one, gifted with genius, so indifferent to praise, so apathetic, or so unimpassive, as to let the

fairest years of life pass away in comparative inaction. Perhaps, however, M. Gounod has produced much, although he has published little. We are glad to surmise it, in spite of our strong objection to the Latin maxim, entailing disdain and want of love for those earlier inspirations, which come when the blood is warmest and the invention freshest. Had Mendelssohn regarded this cold and repulsive system, we should have lost the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (composed at eighteen), and a host of beautiful things; had Sterndale Bennett been a martyr to it (disciple is not the word), we should have been robbed of the overture to *The Naiades* (composed at nineteen), and indeed of almost everything of his that is published. Auber, who began writing for the theatre at thirty-five, is an exception, and a singular one; but Auber printed a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Op. 1) forty-seven years ago, which we have seen, and can vouch for being one of his most graceful and attractive compositions. Nor must this exception be cited as a precedent.

Until we have oral proof of M. Gounod's capabilities, we shall, therefore, retain a certain doubt and apprehension, which mere hearsay, from quarters however entitled to attention, is incompetent to quell. If M. Gounod, at upwards of thirty, does as much as Bennett at nineteen, or half as much as Mendelssohn at eighteen, we shall be eager to admit his legitimate claims to all the eulogies that have been lavished on him in advance, by his friends, his friends' friends, and the friends of his friends' friends.

AUBER'S ENFANT PRODIGE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Jan. 8.

As I know the admiration felt for Auber in London, I am sure that a short account of his new and highly successful opera, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, will not be unwelcome to your readers. Auber has brought out nothing at the *Academie* since his ballet-opera, *Le Lac des Fees*. The interval has been filled up, and the public amused, by the successive productions of Meyerbeer and Halévy, with the intervention of some works by minor pens, which have not had the effect of diminishing in any wise the acknowledged supremacy of the other two. When, therefore, it became generally known that Auber had commenced another score for the "Grand Theatre," curiosity was as rife to hear it as the satisfaction was unanimous at the news. Auber is a universal favourite, and as the greatest and most gifted of French musicians, he holds no more than his proper place in the general esteem. How well he is understood, and how warmly admired, in England, Germany, and even America, it is not necessary to insist. That the *Enfant Prodigue* would be successful every one believed, and its having been found worthy of its celebrated author has enhanced the undivided feeling of gladness with which its announcement was received.

It is not the first, nor I believe, the twentieth time, Scribe and Auber have worked and triumphed in fellowship. May it not be the last, by still many more occasions. That the new opera was baptised by the direction of the Grand Opera, involves merely another addition to the list of triumphs recorded in the annals of that noble establishment, one of the greatest centres of polite and intellectual recreation in the

civilised world. I shall not trouble you with an account of the brilliant assembly that honored the first night's performance. Suffice it, all Paris was present to do honor to Scribe and Auber, and all Paris, now a month has flown, is still not tired of going. If M. Gounod, with his *Sappho** must wait until the public feeling has cooled into indifference towards the *Enfant Prodigue*, then M. Gounod, with his *Sappho*, will have a long time to wait. I presume, however, that it will be brought out to back up Auber's success, a judicious stroke of policy, which seems to be certified by what I have since heard—that *Sappho* is already in rehearsal. One thing is certain—that the beautiful theatre of the *Academie* has been nightly crowded with all that Paris possesses of notability, all that is illustrious by genius or "by courtesy," as your great orator, Lord Brougham, once said, in puffing a military duke at the expense of a royal one. By the bye, Lord Brougham was at the Opera the other night, looking exceedingly well. At least, if it were not he, I am much mistaken; and it is more than probable that it was, since he has been reading (as, doubtless, the French journals have informed you) one of his papers on Light, about which phenomenon he has recently been experimentalising frequently and laboriously, to the *Academie des Sciences*, with a green shade over his eyes. But this has nothing to do with the *Enfant Prodigue*, which is quite a different thing from the *Enfant Gâté* of England and Europe.

Allow me to be as brief as possible in my notice of M. Scribe's book, the subject of which is familiar to you as a reader of the Evangelists. Of its origin and genealogy an account would therefore be superfluous. It is enough to say that M. Scribe has accepted the subject almost precisely as it stands in the divine text. He has in no way departed from its unaffected simplicity, and has added nothing except what was absolutely necessary to complete, or rather develop the parable of our Saviour. Do not start at this. There is nothing in the book that may not with propriety be placed on any stage in Europe. Scribe has invented all the characters, and imagined all the incidental details. No scriptural personage, word, or passage is introduced, although the real moral of the parable is thoroughly worked out. The story, as arranged by the versatile Frenchman, may be shortly narrated. Azraël (the prodigal son) asks permission of his father, Ruben, to leave the land of Israel, on a visit to the celebrated city of Memphis—the Paris of the old Egyptians, if we may draw comparisons by the aid of the Greek historians. He departs in company with two voyagers, who have obtained hospitality at his father's house—the one a beautiful woman, the other a young man who passes for her brother. The second act finds Azraël in the capital of Egypt, where he abandons himself to every kind of folly, extravagance, and dissipation. He plays and loses. He loves and is deceived. In all Azraël's adventures his two false companions—one of whom, Nefté, turns out to be a courtesan, the other a swindler—play the part of tempters, and profit by his follies. In the third act, pursuing a beautiful bacchante, who has attracted his attention, he finds himself in the interior of the temple of Isis, where he is discovered, seized, and cast into the Nile, by the infuriated priests, for violating the sanctuary of their religion. A camel-driver picks him up, a long way down the river; and in the fourth act we find Azraël in bondage, the camel-driver having exacted his perpetual services in return for saving his life. On the point of yielding up his existence to despair, a sudden and a happy thought determines Azraël once more to seek the paternal roof, and implore his father's pardon. In the fifth act we find him at home; recognized through his miserable garments, he is reconciled to his father, and united to

* See our leading columns:—Ed.

Zephthè, his betrothed wife, who, always faithful, had herself escaped the most imminent perils, in company with Ruben, at Memphis, where she also had penetrated into the dangerous sanctuary of Isis, in search of Azraël. The action, thus summarily sketched, is complicated, and relieved by a variety of dancing and spectacle. There are the mysteries of Isis, represented after the manner of Scribe, in plain contradistinction to the theory of Jamblichus—naughty and dissolute enough to have shocked Pythagoras himself out of his belief in the holiness of Egyptian priesthood—such a representation of those renowned and hidden ceremonies, in short, as would have delighted the Baron d'Holbach, or Voltaire himself, the arch-mocker of both priests and Pagans. The picture drawn of the High Priest of Isis might find a place in one of the brilliant Frenchman's "*Romans et Contes*," so exactly does it square with Voltaire's alleged opinions. The charming "*alma*," *legere et folatre*, who inspires Azraël with one of his fleeting passions—who, generous and good-natured, in those scenes of debauch and profligacy, proves to be as much the good genius of Azraël, as Nefthè, his fellow voyager, and her pretended brother are his evil angels—is an exquisite bit of sunshine in the heartless epithalamium, and worthy of Scribe's happiest invention.

Out of these materials, as romantic as they are essentially lyrical, M. Scribe has constructed the poem which has been married to the latest inspiration of Auber. The task of animating such a story into vigorous and poetical life, by means of music, was not, on the whole, an easy one. Immense resources were offered, it is true, to the genius of the composer, but counterbalanced, on the other side, by no ordinary difficulties. Auber, however, never knew, or never acknowledged an obstacle. The composer of *La Muette*, *Gustave*, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, who for the last 30 years has enriched the repertoire of the Opera Comique with more than thirty *chefs d'œuvre*, demonstrated, on this occasion, that his invention was as fluent and sparkling, his taste as elegant, his dramatic perception as keen and brilliant and glowing as ever. In short, Auber has only given a fresh proof of his inexhaustible fecundity—or, in words as true and more emphatic, his eternal youth? The *Enfant Prodigue* has sprung from his imagination, as full of sap and vigour, as dazzling in variety of colour, as energetic in expression, as irresistibly "*entraînant d'allure*," as captivating and instinct with the warm pulse of life, as though it had come into the world twenty years ago, when those prodigies of fancy and effect, those cups overflowing with the wine of melody, *La Muette de Portici* and *Fra Diavolo*, were almost simultaneously immortalizing their author, and filling the coffers of the two great lyrical theatres of Paris. This verdict, on the last production of the glorious chief of our French school of dramatic music, is not alone the echo of the feelings of the too-easily-led crowd, which allows itself to be deceived often by a false light, and often even by a mere name; it is the feeling of the learned and accomplished in the art, the feeling of the denizens of the old school and the new, the feeling of professors and pupils, in short, the unanimous opinion of musicians and amateurs. Every one, if he tells truly, must tell you the same thing, must give a tongue to the same impulses of admiration. Auber, with consummate art, has united and contrasted the severe simplicity of patriarchal life in the desert, with the intoxicating enchantment of the vast luxurious and popular city, the glittering paraphernalia of sumptuous fetes, the manifold attractions of the lively and fascinating dance being adroitly brought into play. His Egypt, the libertine, is set in the austere and virtuous frame of Israel, the pastoral and pure, with an elevation of conception and a finish of execution that the union of genius and extraordinary experience alone could have accomplished.

As I am not going to offer you a critical analysis of the music I shall not detail, one by one, all the *morceaux* in the *Enfant Prodigue* that excited transports of enthusiasm on the first night, and have continued to excite them ever since. After the rising of the curtain, the air sung by Ruben (Massol) gave birth to the first lively sensation among the audience. I have heard few airs in a style more essentially pure, or more touching in expression. The duet of father and son, Ruben and Azraël (Massol and Roger); the *cantilena* of Nefthè (Madame Laborde) apostrophising the delights of Memphis; the romance of Ruben (Massol) enquiring for his lost son, of every passer by; the duet of the High Priest of the temple, (Obin) and Jephthè (Mdlle. Dameron); the quintet in the temple of Isis; the couplets of the young camel-driver; the second air of Nefthè (Mad. Laborde); the vision of Azraël (Roger) and the pathetic exclamation of mingled grief and hope that follow; the scene of the return and reconciliation—all these are treated in a solemn and masterly manner; there is not a superfluous note, nor is the inspiration once in the rear of the situation to be illustrated. Let me add that the *airs de danse*—and dancing abounds in the opera—are the perfection of grace, freshness, character, rhythmic charm, sparkling and ingenious orchestral treatment. Were I a king, as the kings of old, and could dance like Louis XIV, for example, I would never dance to any other music than that of the composer of the *bal masqué* in *Gustave*, and the *boleros* in the *Domino Noir*.*

Roger, our admirable Roger, plays the Prodigal Son, and is as prodigal of his voice and sentiment as the composer of his ideas. Massol, you will be pleased, though not surprised, to hear, made a triumphant *rentrée* in the part of Ruben. Never did his splendid voice exercise so entire an empire, so completely fill with its rich and mellow sonority, the vast theatre of the Opera. Massol was welcomed with a triple salvo of plaudits and cheers, proceeding from all parts of the crowded theatre, and recalled with enthusiasm after the second act. Roger was recalled after the fourth. Obin, a young bass-singer of merit, was very efficient in the part of the High Priest.

Mdlle. Dameron, and Mad. Laborde, in the parts of Zephthè and Nefthè, each shone conspicuously—the former in her resigned and feminine tenderness, which was equally charming and true; the latter in an artificial coquetry, becoming and artistically assumed. Mdlle. Plunkett, as the "*alma*," was agile, graceful, *vapoureuse*, and light as a gazelle that scarcely touches the earth while it runs, but which creates an incessant desire, on the part of the beholder, to chase and catch it—alas! how quite in vain!

The *mise en scène*, costumes, and decorations—displaying the finest taste and the most lavish magnificence—are worthy the management of M. Roqueplan.

By repeated performances the artists and all concerned have now become so thoroughly at home in their parts, that the whole opera and spectacle seem to "*go*" as if by magic.

Thus has our winter season been inaugurated most auspiciously by a great success, on our first lyric stage, and achieved by our most popular dramatist and our most gifted composer. Six months of good receipts and brilliant "*soirées*" may be counted on.

I have a great deal of news, but my letter is already so long that I must defer all further particulars till my next. Meanwhile I may tell you that the new opera of Scribe and

* Our enthusiastic correspondent has surely overlooked the *Muette*, the *Bayadère*, and *Guillaume Tell*, in all of which the dance music is perfection.—Ed.

Halévy, *La Dame de Pique*, has been entirely successful at the *Opera Comique*. Your popular composer, Balfe, was present at one of the representations. I could not get near enough to him to ask his opinion; but he seemed delighted.

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

(From our Correspondent at New York.)

New York, Dec. 24.

HAVING letters and papers from Baltimore, Washington, and Richmond, I can send you a little news, and an extract or two about "Jenny," who, wherever she goes, seems to sing away the hearts and the heads of the people. You know how she vanquished Webster. Well, at Baltimore she completely won over the most rabid of the religious monomaniacs, who are more rabid here than any where else in the world. A Yankee methodist would roar half a dozen London Irvingites into silence; and as for his prejudices, they are more intolerable than anything that can be dreamed of non-tolerance in its most intolerable guise. So if Jenny Lind cannot be said to have brought "Church and State" to her feet, since in these parts Church is not, she has at any rate conquered State and Pulpit—which was still more difficult. Read the following dolorous bit, cut out of a letter from Baltimore:—

"Baltimore, Dec. 16—5 p.m.

"We have a dull, gloomy day, with an incessant and soaking rain, which adds to its cheerless aspect. The change of weather and the departure of Jenny Lind are the constant themes of conversation; and, indeed, it will be some time before the remembrance of her concerts in this city ceases to afford a subject of admiration. But she is now in Washington, and I doubt not has already commenced to exercise that charm over the minds of the people that attends her presence every where.

"Several of our ministers of different denominations attended her concerts here, while some refused to attend on account of their being given in a theatre, and others refused to attend them any where. As there was considerable diversity of opinion as to the propriety of attending them among the church membership, especially when given in a theatre, some going and some refusing to go, the subject bids fair to cause considerable stir. It seems, however, to be a subject on which each ought to be permitted to judge and act for himself. I saw, on different occasions, a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian minister, and a Catholic priest, each listening with profound admiration to the great vocalist."

A proof that ranters have ears, after all, if they lack souls. Or, perhaps, the contrast with their own mouthy music made them more keenly relish the soft tones that flow from Jenny's pretty throat.

The Washingtonites are enthusiastic about her, actually mixing up apostrophes to her and the metropolis itself—the metropolis of the greatest and rawest nation on the earth. Jenny gave two concerts—on Monday, the 16th (Dec.), and Wednesday, the 18th—both crowded and both brilliant. Benedict seems popular every where. I do not wonder at it; he is as thorough a gentleman and scholar as he is an accomplished and gifted musician. The *Daily Union*, a local paper, writes thus, in anticipation of Jenny's first concert:—

"The enchantress stole a march upon us all on Sunday evening. We understood that she would not reach Washington until Monday morning, but she arrived about eight o'clock on Sunday night. She puts up at Willard's Hotel, where, we have no doubt, she will have comfortable and elegant quarters—although thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars have not been expended on her furniture, as the landlord at Boston is said to have done. Jenny has already won the heart of our honest host by her cordial manner. The rumour of her arrival soon spread among the *dilettanti*; for soon after 12 o'clock (i.e. on Monday morning) the Marine Band gave her a splendid serenade.

"Yesterday she did not rehearse in the National Hall, but she visited the gallery of the Senate Chamber during the session; and though she

attempted to pass *incog.* by seating herself on the back bench, and was encoined behind her pocket handkerchief, yet she was soon discovered and became an object of intense curiosity. She slipped out of the Senate Chamber without venturing into the House of Representatives.

"As we write this hasty article (five o'clock on Monday evening), the prospects of a large audience at the concert are cheering. We have no doubt she will have a brilliant company to listen to her strains; and though it may not be as much crowded as in some of our populous cities, yet no audience in this country can be more *élite*. Some of the most distinguished men in this nation will be present—among them the President and his cabinet, and some of the most celebrated members of both Houses of Congress.

"She gives another concert in this city on Wednesday night. It is a compliment she will pay to the metropolis of the Union, standing here among so many elevated associations, and amid the living great men and the ashes of the great dead, to sing for the first time in America a *national air*. She will sing 'Hail Columbia.' She assigns the most delicate and considerate reason for preferring it to the 'Star-spangled Banner,' one of the most popular and beautiful of our national airs, though she duly appreciates all its touching beauties."

The last bit of patriotic bathos is thoroughly sublime—a mixture of Irish, French, and Yankee. I subjoin the same writer's impression of the first performance:—

"Monday night—10 o'clock.

"The first concert is over, and the brilliant concourse which assembled to hear the Queen of Song is rapidly dispersing. The dying notes of the 'Echo Song' are still vibrating on our ears; but we have scarcely time to re-echo the praises which her brilliant exhibition has called forth. It was a noble gathering, worthy of her whose silvery tones called it together—and worthy, too, of the metropolis of a great nation. In spite of the lowering skies, the vast hall was crowded, not by fashion and youth alone, but by legislators, warriors, and statesmen—men who have grown gray in the public service, and won laurels in the cabinet, the forum, and the field. The President and his cabinet were present. The colossal brow of the Massachusetts statesman was there, and by his side the marked and unmistakable features and spare form of the Kentucky orator. In another part of the hall was seen the stalwart figure of Winfield Scott. The acting Vice President, William R. King, Esq., of Alabama, honoured her by his presence. Senators and representatives of high distinction, and talent of all sorts, and beauty of every description, were there to catch the sweet and thrilling accents which fell from her lips. Jenny Lind has doubtless seen more brilliant audiences, in one sense of the word—audiences glittering with gems and emblazoned with orders of nobility; yet, *national vanity apart*, we doubt whether she ever has appeared or ever will appear before such an audience in Europe as greeted her last night in the city of Washington."

"National vanity apart." (!) I doubt if Jenny ever read such a criticism on her performances as that of "Monday night—10 o'clock," in the great paper of the great metropolis of the "mighty nation." I, for my own part, remember nothing to equal the "colossal brow," by the side of the "marked and unmistakable features and spare form"—not to speak of "the stalwart figure." One would think the Massachusetts statesman, the Kentucky orator, and Winfield Scott were the prominent subjects in a rare collection of wild animals. But, for heaven's sake, lose not a word of the Washington critic. Take all he says, and be thankful:—

"It is not our purpose to present a critique on the performance. We are not skilled in the terms of music, and we feel but little admiration for the descriptions of those whose critical skill consists in a dexterous use of a dictionary of phrases. Our anticipations were raised to the highest pitch—we expected to hear notes like unto which had never before fallen upon our ear. We might occasionally have heard a few strains superior to hers; but our anticipations were more than realized by the whole performance. It was scarcely possible not to be pleased—indeed, enchanted; and the enchantment was told by the breathless stillness which settled on the audience when the first notes of the song-stress were heard, succeeded only by murmurs of applause when the last note had died away: then the pent-up feelings found vent in a way that tested the solid foundations of the vast hall. It is not the vocal powers of Jenny Lind alone which call our people around her; nor is it her genius alone that commands their admiration; nor is it among the inhabitants of great cities alone, thirsting for excitement, that she is most

esteemed. Her unobtrusive modesty—her meek virtues—her open-handed charity—were known among us before she ever saw the shores of the Western World. The people of America have been told these things. They have read her history, and they have seen how she has arisen from obscurity to fame; yet carrying all her homely virtues with her—clinging to them amidst scenes of splendour that have dazzled many and made them dizzy. Had we “no music in our soul”—if we were not “moved by the concord of sweet sounds”—we would still pay her our homage; for she is the representative in Europe of REPUBLICAN VIRTUES. Titled vice has felt abashed before their pure lustre; and hereditary rank, tricked off with garters and ribands, has been made to give place to a superior nobility.”

It would surely have been more discreet in the Editor of the *Daily Union* of rhodomontade and spare intelligence, to have sent some person to the concert who *was* “skilled in the terms of music,” and who *did* feel some “admiration” for those whose “critical skill” enabled them to write upon a matter of art, without exhibiting an enormous amount of impertinence and ignorance, like this swaggering booby, who styles poor Jenny (God bless her!) “the representative in Europe of REPUBLICAN VIRTUES.” Does the ninny-hammer imagine, forsooth, that there is no virtue but in republican America, some of whose states, by the infamous, disgusting, loathsome and black-hearted traffic in human beings, are degraded far below the level of cannibal countries, where men eat men, being ignorant and uncivilized? Until this huge and pestiferous cancer be cut away from the body corporate of the (dis)United States, let not an American dare to wag his tongue about virtue, freedom, and that sort of thing. While this filthy blotch remains unscorched by the caustic of self-condemnation, let those of the states who feel that it is sinful, blasphemous, and cruel, go down on their bended knees day by day, and petition that their CHRISTIAN land be not speedily destroyed by fire and brimstone, or overrun by locusts and flying lizards. Slavery, in a country where the religion of the gentle Christ is practised, would appear at first sight inconceivable—as hard to believe as that those who tolerate, much less who practise it, are Christians. But in America there are many singular anomalies—anomalies for which another nation would be hooted. And now for the *criticism* of the Washington man.

“Were we to specify particular beauties, we would say that the Bird Song, the *last half* of every stanza of “Home, Sweet Home,” the Swedish Herdsman’s or Echo Song, were the most *striking strains*. Jenny Lind has a very agreeable person, and a countenance of singular sweetness. In singing the Bird Song, there was an archness of manner about her that was irresistibly winning.

“It would not be just to close these *hasty remarks* without mentioning the splendid manner in which Mr. Burke performed the important part allotted to him: nor the plaudits won by the Germania Band, under the able management of Benedict; nor the *admirable manner in which all parts of the entertainment were conducted*. (!)

“The next concert will be on Wednesday night. Miss Lind will then sing, for the first time, our national air, ‘Hail Columbia.’ The programme of proceedings will be found in another column. It is useless to invite a crowded house.

“The beautiful National Hall, which has risen like an exhalation, has *approved itself* not only for its strength, but for its musical adaptation. It was as clear as a bell—and not an echo returned to vex the most critical ear. We congratulate the city upon such an acquisition.”

It appears pretty certain, that among “republican virtues” the intelligent appreciation of music does not take rank. Perhaps, however, friend Barnum may reform the Washingtonians in this particular. He, after all, (as Shelley said of the poets) is the “unacknowledged legislator of the (American) world.”

Richmond is not behind hand, by any means. I send you the briefest notice of the “Lind concert” that I can find among my papers. It is from the *Daily Dispatch* of the 21st December—a local paper:—

“The concert last night was indeed, taken altogether, the grandest

affair of the kind ever beheld in this city. The house was crowded with the largest and gayest audience ever congregated in the Richmond Theatre. It was worthy of the term brilliant. The stage alone had a large audience. On either hand, (a space being left in the middle for the orchestra), the benches rose the full width of the stage, and were crowded with spectators.

“The performances were admirable. Jenny Lind’s voice was in fine condition, and she did herself full justice. Her artless and gentle manner won for her the admiration of all. Her ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ and the ‘Swiss Herdsman’s Song,’ as in other places, were the favourites.

“Belletti elevated himself greatly in our estimation. The building enabled him to be better appreciated than when we heard him in that vast round house, Castle Garden. His ‘*Largo al factotum*,’ was most excellent.

“Burke’s solo was most capably performed. The orchestra was grand, and led with his wonted skill by that great master, Benedict.

“We have not time to say more in the way of ‘criticism.’ Every body seemed delighted. If any of those present should ever regret the money they paid for the entertainment, we are sure a feeling of regret did not get a chance to enter their minds until the concert was over.”

Did they regret it “when the concert was over?” I hope not!

In the same paper we have more accounts of the “Night-ingle’s” benevolence, with other curious matters:—

“NOBLE CHARITY OF JENNY LIND.—We have authority for saying, that Jenny Lind yesterday gave One Thousand Dollars to the ‘Female Orphan Asylum’ of Richmond. Charities like this show the benevolent disposition of this sweet vocalist, and constitute a large share of the claim to that astonishing popularity which she has gained in the world. This humane tribute will cause her to be gratefully remembered in Richmond years after she is gone.

“A beautiful bouquet was thrown on the stage last night, just after the song of ‘Home, Sweet Home.’ It was prepared by the little hands of the Orphans, and presented through their matron to Jenny Lind.

“Jenny Lind yesterday visited the Asylum and sang for the Orphans.”

“PICKPOCKETS (Republican).—Our caution yesterday did not fully effect the object we desired. Several persons were relieved of their pocket-books at the Theatre yesterday morning while passing through the crowd which had assembled there for tickets. One of our friends called at our office yesterday to inform us that he also had his pocket-book stolen at an early hour in the morning, while purchasing a railroad ticket at the depot office on Broad Street.

“Burglars are also about, and have commenced operations. The particulars have been furnished us, but we have been requested to suppress them for the present.”

On the evening of Thursday, the 19th, Jenny was serenaded at her window, by a party of Germans, who advanced and departed in procession, by torch light. They sang a harmony *lied*, in the German tongue.

“Jenny Lind Opera Glasses,” and “Jenny Lind Opera Sacks,” are prodigally announced, besides Jenny Lind all sorts of matters. Here is one of the advertisements, from the *Daily Union* of Washington:—

“Jenny Lind Opera Sacks.”

WE will open on Monday, the 16th instant, a splendid assortment of Jenny Lind Opera Sacks; also the latest Paris styles of velvet, cloth, and silk cloaks. These choice articles are consigned to us from the North, and will be for sale only for a few days. Great bargains will be given. They will be exposed for examination in the room over our store.

P. H. HOOE & CO.,
[Intel. & Repub.]

Hooe, dear! The others are longer, but much of a colour. If you would like to see the kind of programme Jenny gives, here is one of the second concert at Washington. It may serve as a good specimen. You may as well quote it entire, as it stands, preserving the Italian orthography, which I have no time to correct.

Mademoiselle Jenny Lind

Will give her forty-third grand concert in America, and positively her last in Washington, at the new National Hall, on

Wednesday Evening, December 18th, 1850.

PROGRAMME.**PART I.**

Overture - (Zampa) - *Herold.*
Cavatina—"Viraiviso"—(La Sonnambula)—Signor Belletti Bellini.
Aria—"Pereho nor ho del vento"—(Lucia de Lammermoor)—M^dlle JENNY LIND - *Donizetti.*
Fantasia on the flute—Mr. Seede - *Briccialde.*
Ballad—"Take this lute"—M^dlle JENNY LIND. - *Bendite.*

PART II.

Overture - (Crown Diamonds) - *Auber.*
Scena and Aria—"Casta Diva"—(Norma)—M^dlle JENNY LIND - *Bellini.*
Aria—"Mili rampolli"—(La Cenerentola)—Signor Belletti - *Rosini.*
Ballad—"Home, Sweet Home"—words by John Howard Payne—(Clari)—M^dlle JENNY LIND - *Bishop.*
Grand March from the Prophete - *Meyerbeer.*
The Bird Song—M^dlle JENNY LIND - *Taubert.*
Il Portezione—Signor Belletti - *Bulfe.*
Horn obligato—Mr. Schmitz.
"Hail Columbia," which will be sung for the first time in America by M^dlle JENNY LIND.

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

An orchestra, composed of the most eminent solo performers, from the Jenny Lind Concerts, New York, led by Mr. Joseph Burke, and the whole of the Germania Musical Society, has been engaged for the occasion.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

No checks will be issued.

The grand piano used upon this occasion has been kindly furnished by Mr. Fischer, at Stationers' Hall, on Pennsylvania Avenue, where it will be offered for sale after the concert.

The price of seats has been fixed at 7 dol., 5 dol., 4 and 3 dol. Diagrams of the hall may be seen at Willard's Hotel, where an office has been opened, and where seats may be secured. Every Ticket sold will have a number, which will secure the purchaser a specific seat.

Programmes containing the words of the songs in Italian, German, French, and English, have been prepared, and may be obtained in the hall. Price, 25 cents.

The public are respectfully informed that this is positively the last concert which M^dlle Jenny Lind can possibly give in Washington, as she is announced to sing in Richmond on Friday evening, the 20th instant. Dec. 17—2t.

And so, enough for the present. Next week I shall have plenty of news.

P.S.—Don't put my initials. I am going to Washington to-morrow, and am afraid of the anti-abolitionists.

Original Correspondence.

DUSSEK.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—Some years ago I had the pleasure of sending you a memoir of my uncle, J. L. Dussek, which was honoured with your approbation; but I can remember now that I did not sufficiently expatiate on his lighter works, which ought first to be given to the student, before he attempts any of the grand sonatas or concertos.

Will you allow me, now, to recommend his op. 6 (six airs with variations) op. 9, No. 1; op. 12, No. 1; op. 14, 16, 19, 24, (the sonata, dedicated to Mrs. Chinnery), 25, 31, and 62—the "Consolation." After having mastered them, the student may venture on op. 35 and 44 (dedicated to Clementi), the Fantasia and Fugue op. 50, dedicated to Cramer—"Le Retour a Paris," op. 64, (in A

flat—known as "Plus Ultra") the grand concerto in G minor (op. 49), and last, not least, "L'Invocation." The "Student" having become thoroughly familiar with these need not be afraid of any modern fantasia of Thalberg, Chopin, Henselt, or Liszt.

Wishing you, dear sir, the compliments of the season,
I remain, yours, sincerely and obliged,

Pio CIANCHETTINI.

Cheltenham, 5th Jan., 1851.

7, Northwick Terrace, Montpellier Grove.

JULLIEN—JETTY TREFFZ—VIVIER.

WE cite with pleasure the following glowing apostrophe to the merits of three popular artists, well deserving of the public, and not unworthy the praises so lavishly distributed by our seldom transported contemporary, *The Manchester Courier*.

"M. Jullien has successfully proved the hold he has upon the goodwill of the musical people of Manchester, by assembling in the Free-trade Hall, despite the soaking rains and muddy streets which the last few days have been distinguished for, immense congregations of people, varying from 3,000 to 4,000 nightly. He has continued that fulness of attraction, which we noticed last week in referring to the first concert, judiciously chequering his entertainments with works by such masters as Beethoven and Mendelssohn, to suit the taste of those who, content with lighter strains, occasionally have a relish for and an appreciation of music of the highest class.

"Madlle. Jetty Treffz, the vocalist who accompanies M. Jullien on his provincial tour this year, has so won on the feeling of her audience by her style of ballad-singing, effective and beautiful in its unadorned simplicity, that she has not yet sung a song without being encored, and on Wednesday she excited quite a *furor*. With "Home, sweet home," and the not a whit less charming "Trab, trab," in her repertoire, Jetty Treffz will long hold her place among those vocalists of the present day, who win public favour and approbation through the display of feeling and sentiment, rather than by the elaboration and ornament of all they undertake. It is not often we see an audience wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as on Wednesday night, when "Trab, trab," was repeated for the second time; and the lady left the platform amid the vociferous plaudits of the whole assembly.

"Vivier's horn-playing is so absolutely wonderful, that sceptical people have denied the possibility of such sounds being produced from the instrument on which he is now, for a time, displaying his powers. But such persons should suspend their judgment, or, at least, withhold the expression of it, until an opportunity is afforded the artist, which we hope soon will be, of exhibiting his equal power over the violin, an instrument that in his hands, we are assured by authorities of high standing, seems to laugh at the limits men have set to its powers, and in mere vagrant humour utters unheard-of melodies and harmonies. He gave Schubert's serenade on Wednesday night, and on being encored he reappeared and substituted his own wondrous accumulation of difficulties. It was superior to the serenade, which was marred by injudicious pianoforte playing, several of the passages, that require profound silence to give them effect, being lost amid the loud tinkling of the other instrument."

Those who know him intimately will at once respond to what the *Courier* has so eloquently set forth in respect of that peculiar style of "fiddling," which is one of the most singular endowments of Vivier—*musicien universel de naissance, preux chevalier d'origine, homme aimable et spirituel (qui chevauche en devisant gaiment) par excellence.*

LIVERPOOL.—"The Infant Marie," as she is termed, made (according to announcement, at least) her last appearance at the Concert Hall last evening, before a numerous company. The efforts of Mr. Graham's little pupil upon the piano included a fantasia on English airs by Czerny, "Non Piu Mesta," and other pieces. The songs she gave were "Haunt ye the Mountain," the "Trab, Trab," of Jetty Treffz, "Home, sweet home," &c., while she accompanied her elder sister in the sparkling duct of W. H. Holmes, called "The Swiss Maidens." The songs of "Jenny Jones" and "I'm Ninety-five," Marie sang in costume. Mr. Graham, also, gave several of Russell's songs.—*Liverpool Times.*

Reviews of Music.

"ANTHEM,"—IN THAT DAY.—Composed by Dr. G. J. Elvey.
J. SURMAN.

WE mentioned the fact, in our last number, of this anthem having been performed at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, before the Queen, Dr. Elvey himself, organist of the chapel, presiding. The composition is dedicated to H.R.H. Prince Albert, K.G., and is a worthy offering to that illustrious amateur. The aim of Dr. Elvey, in writing this anthem, has evidently been to bring into prominence the contrapuntal element of the church style. Besides two carefully worked choral fugues, in which the clearness of the four-part writing and the absence of superfluous modulation might be advantageously consulted by some composers of the present day whom we need not mention, the whole of the opening chorus is cleverly constructed according to canonic form, the imitations being all in the strict manner of those esteemed Italian masters who may be said to be represented by Leo, Porpora, Durante, and Clari, and who are justly considered the patriarchs of vocal counterpoint. Dr. Elvey excels more—at least as well as we may judge from the specimen before us—in effects derivable from the combination of voices than in solo songs and recitatives; and his bias is shown by the short duration of the two or three solos to be found in the present anthem, the only exception being the alto air in E flat, "The Lord is exalted," which being very smooth and melodious, would have admitted, we think, of longer development. Even in this instance the tune is most effective when accompanied by the harmony of the chorus. As coda to this accompanied air the second and, in our opinion, best, because closest and briefest of the fugues we have mentioned, appears. The only objection we have to Dr. Elvey's anthem, the perusal of which has afforded us much gratification, is that it ends in the subdominant of the tonal key; the opening recitative and chorus being in B flat, while the final chorus is in E flat. Probably, however, Dr. Elvey may have a theory of his own, to colour and excuse this deviation from the rules laid down by the great masters. We should be glad to be made acquainted with his views on the subject, and take leave of his anthem with the hope that Mr. Surman will give us an opportunity of hearing it with a competent chorus and orchestra.

Provincial.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. Charles Halle's sixth and last Classical Chamber Concert took place at the Assembly Rooms, Manchester, on Thursday, the 26th ult. The Programme was as follows:—

PART I.		
Second Grand Trio—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello,		
In A Flat, Op. 52.		Mayseder.
Grand Sonata—Pianoforte, in D Minor, Op. 49		Weber.
PART II.		
Grand Trio—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, in D,		
Op. 70, No. 1		Beethoven.
Variations—Pianoforte and Violoncello—(Sur un Theme de Handel.)		Beethoven.
Miscellaneous Selection—Pianoforte—Prelude and Fugue		
In F Minor		Mendelssohn.
In B "	"Poeme d'amour"	Henselt.

Again we had novelty, and variety, the entire of the above being quite different from any former programme this season. The taste of the selection cannot be disputed, yet the pieces given possessed fewer charms, or touching interest, than those of any

preceding concert of the series. Mayseder, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Henselt, made a formidable array of names, and the selections from their works called for qualities in their execution, as great as any of them. Still, there was a want of warmth, as though they lacked the fire of inspiration; the mechanical difficulties and combinations were but too apparent, and the skill no less so, in the composition and performance; but we did not feel those glorious harmonies and strains, that are so difficult to describe, yet so continually occurring, in most of the chamber compositions of the "great masters." The result was evident in the applause, which was scant, and given more in justice to the faultless execution of the three clever players, than to the stirring power of the music.

With all this, however, be it understood, the concert was of a high character, and only suffered in comparison with its precursors. It would be difficult to hear such a programme, and such a performance elsewhere in the Provinces. Mayseder's Trio is perhaps as good an example as could have been selected of his style; the subjects are pleasing enough, especially in the *adagio* and *finale*. It was very finely played, and as warmly received as anything during the evening. Hallé, Baetens, Lidel, were all good, as usual; the violin was prominent, and Baetens played his part in excellent style; we fancy however, that he was again troubled with a refractory first-string, the only drawback being now and then a slight whistling in the higher stops. Hallé gave the pianoforte part most brilliantly. We never liked Lidel better; his tone, when taking his turn at the melody with Baetens (the pianoforte giving the accompaniment) was all that could be desired, his playing throughout being distinguished by high finish.

Weber's sonata requires to be better known to be appreciated. It did not fall so gratefully on our ear, or reach the mind in the satisfactory way that Beethoven's do. It is immensely difficult, yet Hallé gave it entirely from memory, and his great talent had ample room for display in the fire demanded by the *allegro*, the delicacy of touch and expression in the *andante*, and the rapidity and brilliancy of finger in the *finale*. Beethoven's Trio was nobly played, and the theme, with variations, a treat not often afforded at these concerts—a theme with variations—but the variations by Beethoven, and on a theme by Handel, the well-known subject from *Judas Maccabæus*, "See the Conquering Hero comes." It was finely executed by both performers. What a loss to the musical world of Manchester, if Charles Hallé leave us! Hallé's final display was an interesting selection, which would have been more worthily received and applauded, had the preceding Sonata and Trio not been so long and trying. Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in F minor—and Henselt's melody were both well given; the latter winds up with the subject, *à l'arpeggio* for both hands, in the Thalberg style. Hallé, no doubt, would have received a cordial farewell cheer on retiring from his ardent admirers, but for the fact, noticed at the foot of his programme—that there is to be one more Concert—the last before the beautiful Assembly Rooms are pulled down (to build warehouses on the site)!—on the 11th of January.

Jullien—"the mighty Jullien," made his appearance the same night (as Hallé's Concert), at the Free Trade Hall—and, as usual, had a bumper.—Again on Saturday, the 28th, and on Monday, the 30th (when we had the pleasure to assist), and on New Year's Day,—winding up with a *Bal costumé*, on the 2nd instant.

Jullien never had a more successful trip to Manchester; but how is it he only gives us five nights in all (including the *Bal*) when he first announced seventeen? He assigns a reason, certainly,—that the French Drummers could not get so long a leave of absence. But was it not a piece of *finesse* on the part of the clever conductor?—The seventeen nights thus dwindling into five, caused every one to be anxious to go—and a regular cram every night was the consequence at the Free Trade Hall. Jullien so well understands the art of attracting John Bull, that we are surprised at nothing he does: his tact is consummate—his address popular. What can be a better example than his *Great Exhibition Quadrille*? As we were present on Monday Evening, we can speak in the highest terms of his orchestra—than which, he never had a better in Manchester. Besides the French Drummers and their Tambour

Major, both unique in their way, there were, Koenig, Winterbottom, Pratten, Jarrett, Summers, Collinet, Viotti, Collins, Lavigne, Sonnemberg, Baker, &c., besides the inimitable Vivier, and the ever charming Jetty Treffz. We were glad to see the new members of the Concert Hall Orchestra doing duty as seconds—oboe (Mr. Jennings), second clarinet (Mr. Sorge), and Mr. Waud amongst the violoncellos.

A more exciting scene than during the performance of the national anthem we never beheld—the vast body of the hall presented a sea of human heads ("hats off," of course), every body standing, and every corner filled, even to the remote extremes of the galleries. The applause was rapturous and prolonged. Jullien now seldom omits something of the classic in his programme, and on this occasion we had the andante from the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven, and the Allegro and Storm from the *Pastorale* of the same composer. Monsieur Vivier's solos on the horn are enough to convince the veriest sceptic of his amazing power over that intractable instrument. To describe his performance technically is impossible—we can but express our admiration of his expression and tone, the finest we ever listened to on a brass instrument. Jetty Treffz' songs, especially the "Trab, Trab," are pre-eminently her own. Anything more charming in its simple way we would not wish to hear. Everything she sings is encored.

Foreign.

LILLE.—The performances of Mlle. Charton continue to attract the amateurs of Lille to the Opera, and to ensure a prosperous state of affairs to the treasury. The *Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté* of Ambroise Thomas has proved a great hit, and some connoisseurs, who have seen the original representative of Queen Elizabeth at the *Opera Comique*, the celebrated Madame Ugalde, do not hesitate to say that Mlle. Charton is as good in every respect. It is not yet known who will succeed our charming *prima donna*. She positively leaves us at the end of the month.

ROME.—Miss Catherine Hayes made her *debut* at Rome on the 26th ult., at the Teatro Apollo in the *Puritani*, with brilliant success. The cavatina, "Qui la voce," and the "polacca" both created a furor. Miss Hayes was recalled thrice after the performance of each. The Romans find that the voice of the charming *Inglese* has wonderfully improved in strength and quality, and with respect to her singing, in the present state of the art in Italy, they very rarely hear any thing so good.

VIENNA.—The Italian Opera opens in March. The engagements are already made, and consist of Madame Tadolini, *prima donna*, Fraschini, *primo tenore*, Bordas, second tenor, and De Bassini, barytone. The contralto and basso are not mentioned.

Dramatic Intelligence.

DRURY LANE.

No one can complain that Mr. Anderson does not labour to produce variety. To back up the new pantomime, *Humpty Dumpty*, the vast improvement of which, owing to judicious curtailment, we have already noticed, he has changed the performance almost every evening; in addition to which, a great attraction is announced at the foot of the bills, in the shape of a new comedy, called *Old Love and the New*, from the pen of Mr. Sullivan, the intelligent author of *The Beggar on Horseback*, which produced so favourable an impression at the Haymarket, three or four years ago.

On Monday, Shakspeare's *Coriolanus* introduced Mr. Anderson, for the first time, in a part, which, since the days of John Kemble, no one but Mr. Macready has successfully im-

personated. Mr. Vandenhoff has been highly praised, it is true, in the character, by some who profess to remember the "immortal John" and are eloquent about the Kemble "sweep." But let that pass. "Sweep" apart, Coriolanus is, beyond controversy, one of Mr. Vandenhoff's best Shaksperian assumptions; and though to our way of judging, certainly not the Roman patrio-despot, as Shakspeare imagined and painted him—covering the meagre skeleton of Plutarch with natural flesh and blood, and making a fire-eyed hero out of a philosophical abstraction—we have little doubt it was the Coriolanus which John Kemble conceived and acted, and as such, acceptable to those in the habit of rating the Kemble school higher than the Shakspeare genius. That we are not of these our readers must have been long aware; and Kemble being no longer living, while the text of Shakspeare has been in numerous instances restored by Mr. Macready—for which all honor to him, were he not the great actor he is—it seems hardly probable we shall now be converted. Mr. Anderson's view of Coriolanus appears to partake of the Kemble tradition, the Vandenhoff actuality, the Macready heat, and the Anderson manner, in quantities of equal weight, which render it extremely difficult to analyse. His carriage combines the dignity of the man with the haughtiness of the despot, and his aim, indeed, throughout the play, is apparently to elaborate and bring out in strong relief the tyrannical element of Coriolanus's character. In the scene with Aufidius, the way in which, as it were, he spiritually towered above Mr. Cooper, the representative of that personage, whose stolid and more tranquil demeanour formed an effective contrast, demonstrated this in a strong light. His attitude when shrouded in the cloak, in the Volscian temple, at the foot of the statue of Mars, was graceful and imposing; while his hesitation in advancing toward his ancient enemy, Aufidius, was unaffected, manly, and correct. In his scene with the "voices," his contempt was so vividly depicted, that it almost assumed the hue of disgust; still further exposing his peculiar interpretation of the Coriolanian monomania—a hearty loathing of the plebeian nature. In the last scene, with his mother, wife and child, before Aufidius and the Volscian army, Mr. Anderson displayed more pathos than we ever remember him to have shown; and his ultimate concession to the family of petitioners shewed an easy abandonment of Roman stoicism. After the tremendous altercation with Aufidius, when smitten by the Volscian daggers, he falls at the feet of his destroyers, his death was wonderfully sudden, and managed with singular adroitness. Mr. Anderson was applauded in all the great points of the play, and of course recalled at the end, by his pleased and enlightened auditors.

Mr. Cooper's Tullus Aufidius was judicious in the beginning and energetic at the conclusion; but we should have greatly preferred this eminently serviceable actor in the part of Menenius Agrippa, which was laboriously played by Mr. Emery, who had evidently studied it intently and by the lamp. Mrs. Weston, as Volumnia, spoke the dialogue with Coriolanus in the last scene with an immense deal of spirit and emphasis; Miss F. Vining was pleasing and intelligent in the little part of Virgilia; Mr. Cathcart put himself into a variety of attitudes, and essayed a number of vocal inflections "after Macready"—exhibiting, nevertheless, his usual earnestness and discrimination; and the first and second "voices" were embodied with a great deal of rough character and natural humour, by Messrs. Artaud and R. Romer. We should add that the Tribunes of Messrs.—we forget their names—were eager and tribunely.

On Tuesday, *As You Like it* was given, with a cast that embraced the *élite* of the company, Mr. Anderson alone being

absent. Mr. Vandenhoff was the Jacques, Mr. Cathcart the Duke, Mr. Emery the Touchstone (for the first time), Mrs. Nisbett, Rosalind, Miss F. Vining, Celia, and Mrs. Walter Lacy, Audrey. Mr. Vandenhoff's Jacques is well known as one of his most studied and finished performances. The two famous speeches—that which belongs to the Duke, but which the modern stage distribution has transferred to Jacques, to render the part of more importance—(we mean the speech commencing, "Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile")—and the still more celebrated "A fool, a fool, a motley fool, I met a fool i' the forest"—were both careful specimens of elaborate reading and pointed elocution.

Mrs. Nisbett's Rosalind is still better known than Mr. Vandenhoff's Jacques; not that we feel inclined to say that the vivacious actress fulfilled the brilliant conception of the author completely; but there was a laughing grace, a fund of spirits, and a glow of life in all she did and said which charmed the spectator and disarmed criticism. Mrs. Nisbett was heartily applauded throughout, and the audience seemed to be perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Emery essayed "Touchstone" for the first time, and displayed a thorough familiar acquaintance with the traditions of the part, allied to a close application of its quaintness and humour. "Touchstone," however, is not a character to be mastered at one attempt, and we expect, from what we saw on Tuesday night, to welcome a still further improvement in Mr. Emery.

We must speak in unmeasured terms of Mrs. Walter Lacy's Audrey, which was conceived in the genuine spirit of the comedy of Shakspeare, and acted to the very life. In the hurry of the pantomime week we omitted to notice the first appearance, for some years, of this accomplished lady on that stage of which she was a few years only the chief ornament. Mrs. Walter Lacy made her *rentrée* (as the French term it) at Drury-lane, as Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, and was welcomed with enthusiasm by the whole audience. Her performance of the gentle daughter of Polonius was signalised by exceeding grace and gentleness, and that unaffectedness which so essentially appertains to that exquisite creation. Audrey, in *As You Like It*, is a character so totally different from Ophelia, that it is sufficiently remarkable for an actress to assume both even respectably. But Mrs. Walter Lacy's performance of the simple country girl was not less artistic and engagingly true than her impersonation of the court-maiden, who runs mad for love of Hamlet. We have seldom seen more effect produced in the dialogue, although Audrey has from time to time brought out the genius of the greatest of comic actresses. The costume of Mrs. Walter Lacy was the most appropriate for the character we have ever seen. Nor was it the less effective for being correct. Nothing in the way of dress could be prettier or more striking.

The *Love Chase* and the *Lady of Lyons* have also been played during the week. The entertainments continue to prove attractive, and the public has no cause to complain of the efforts of the management to cater for its amusement. The only thing we would suggest is an occasional extra attention to the *mise en scene*, which, though sometimes unexceptionable (as in the last scene of *Coriolanus*), is at other times indifferent. All the acting business is in such condition as might be expected under the supervision of Mr. Anderson himself, assisted by so old and experienced a performer as Mr. W. Bennett; and on the other side, the stage directions could not be in abler hands than those of Mr. W. West.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

THE novelty of the week has been the *Stranger*, in which Mr. Macready personated the hero for the first and only time during the series of his farewell performances. Kotzebue's drama has ever been a favourite with the public, and has engaged the attention of all the great actors of the present era, from John Kemble downwards, who have successively and successfully delineated the principal personage. If the legitimate object of tragedy were to draw tears from the auditors, then indeed might the *Stranger* rank with the most touching plays of Shakspeare; but the legitimate object of tragedy is to do something more in the way of touching the feelings than to draw tears—of which a great variety exists, from crocodile's to baby's—and as the play of the once praised, now despised, German dramatist and politician, does little or nothing more than make the audience "blubber," it has no pretensions whatever to the name of tragedy, which, as Aristotle says, should "shake the soul to purify it." The story is cleverly worked out, and domestic misery tolerably painted; but when the performance is over, we discover that our time has been expended in listening to a quantity of maudlin twaddle, a sort of puling logic that descends no further than the eyes, an impotent defence of connubial aberration, a weak shield, which the sword of true faith would shatter at one touch into a thousand fragments. Nor can we recal a single poetic thought, or natural sentiment in the whole of the five acts. Yes—there is one line in the play which always pleased us:—when Mrs. Haller says, "And has Saturday come back so soon again?"—which nevertheless is the very quintessence of weak bathos.

Of Mr. Macready's performance, however, we cannot speak too highly. It was intensely earnest and life-like throughout, and made a deep impression on the audience. The scene in which he recounts the story of the abduction of his wife—though intrinsically mawkish and contemptible—was acted with admirable skill and intense feeling. The last scene, as well as the sophisticated position would admit, was a masterpiece of pathos, and left few "dry eyes" in the house, except those of some modern philosophers who liked not Kotzebue. The applause was extravagant, both during the performance and at the end, when the great actor, who so soon will vanish from the mimic scene, was recalled with a voice of thundering unanimity.

Mrs. Warner appeared to remarkable advantage in Mrs. Haller. The character of the frail wife, whom circumstances adverse to her illicit joys have made repentant, is certainly one of the happiest assumptions of this very careful and artificial actress, who rarely fails to impress us with the certainty that it is a real play we are beholding, and not a passage of life in action. Mrs. Warner, as well as Mr. Macready, was profusely applauded.

Mr. Buckstone was deliciously, nay convulsively, humorous, as Peter; and Mrs. Fitzwilliam's Charlotte, as upstart, pert, and prettily saucy, as the author could have desired. Miss P. Horton, the Savoyard Minstrel, sang the old song, "I have a silent sorrow here," with much sweetness and expression.

The other performances of the week have been *Macbeth* (Monday); *Henry the Eighth* (Wednesday); *Richelieu* (Thursday); *Henry IV.* and *The Jealous Wife* (Friday).

On Tuesday, Mr. Macready commences the first of the series of his final performances of each of his most celebrated characters, at the conclusion of which the "last of the Romans" will no longer exist, but as a pleasant and impressive image in the memory of the play-goer.

SADLER'S WELLS.

We hold it to be very doubtful whether the revival of Webster's tragedy, *The Duchess of Malvi* would have obtained the same success at any other theatre that it has met with here, where it has already been performed some five and twenty times, and continues to be played to nightly overflows. In what way the theatre has obtained this singular prestige we must leave to the speculation of the reader. The chief fault of the piece—which acts like a ghastly and sublimated melo-drama—is the catastrophe, which, had it been equal to the rest, nothing could have prevented the tragedy, with all its barbarous and dreamy horror—from becoming, like Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bridal*—a stock piece of the modern stage. As it is, we go with the "Ayes" so far as to hope that Mr. Phelps will give us another play from the same author.

The new Pantomime promises to have a long run. In fact, Webster's tragedy and the Christmas festivities—strange and unnatural alliance—have been mutually supporting each other.

MARYLEBONE.

The musical play, *The Slave*, has been revived here, with Miss R. Isaacs as Zelinda. This young lady is a pupil of Miss Kelly's. Her talent, however, is rather vocal than histrionic; she has a pleasing though not powerful *soprano* voice, and obtained encores in two of her songs. She possesses also a considerable share of personal attractions, and acts with intelligence, if not with any great degree of spirit. As *The Slave* has evidently been revived as a "fill up" during the holiday season, criticism would be superfluous, especially since the performance seemed highly gratifying to the youthful visitors who crowded the theatre.

We are glad to say that the business has been good ever since Mr. Stammers undertook the management. His Pantomime is the best produced this Christmas, which is not surprising since it is by the author of *Bluff King Hal*, &c., &c., (Mr. Rodwell).

ADELPHI.

The new Christmas piece here, the *Tarantula King*, by Albert Smith, is as pleasant a thing of the kind as the festive season has produced. It is tersely written, admirably acted, and well supplied with those indispensable requisites on such occasions—music and dancing. Madame Celeste dances with as much grace and agility as the most active Columbine. Miss Woolgar, the "Hero" of the piece, with her intelligent face, and quaint and sparkling humour, is as full of genial vivacity as ever, and looks irresistible in her picturesque peasant's costume. Mr. Wright, of course, came in for a share of the honours. Among the subordinate performers, we must not omit Miss Collins, who has a nice voice, and sings a very clever ballad very cleverly. The music is well selected, and arranged with taste and fancy. Mr. Mellon, the adaptor and musical director, is an excellent musician. Hence the invariable efficiency of the musical business at the Adelphi.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

M. Jullien's last concert at the Philharmonic Hall, on Tuesday evening, was attended in such numbers, that difficulty was experienced in seating them. The hall looked warm and agreeable;

and Jullien, accustomed to crowded houses, appeared more serene than at the first concert. I do not insinuate that he was not previously as affable as conductor possibly could be, but Jullien is mortal, and we fancied that the unwonted sight of one or two unoccupied rows of seats disturbed the philosophical current of his ideas. However, the fact is, that Jullien, used to be spoiled, would fain have the elements themselves at his beck; the rain and clouds would then be obliged to "keep off" until his concerts were over. There was a densely crowded hall on Tuesday, and the performance, the first part of which was entirely devoted to the works of Mendelssohn, went off to the manifest delight of all present. The first piece was the symphony in A minor, composed after a visit to the Highlands of Scotland, one of the most characteristic effusions of his genius. The *Adagio Cantabile*, rendered with delicious smoothness, contrasted admirably with the fiery energy of the *Allegro Gueriero*. Mr. Viotti Collins increased our admiration of his talents by his spirited execution of the violin concerto in E minor. He was listened to most attentively by the audience, who frequently greeted him with well-deserved applause. Jetty de Treffz sang "The First Violet" in her usual charming and unassuming style; after which came the great treat of the evening—the whole of the incidental music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The overture, so full of poetical fancies, was given with the utmost taste and smoothness, and the *scherzo* descriptive of the assembly of the fairy court, was played with vivacity and precision. The Interlude in A minor, the "Comic March," and the "Notturmo," equally indicated, on the part of Jullien and his excellent band, that close appreciation of the intentions of the composer, so necessary to the proper understanding of Mendelssohn's illustrations of Shakspeare. In the "Notturmo," Mr. Jarrett had an opportunity of displaying to the public of Liverpool his distinguished talent as a horn-player, so well known and appreciated in the metropolis. The "Wedding March" brought the first portion of the concert to a conclusion, amidst enthusiastic applause.

A striking novelty in the second part was Vivier's magical execution of a composition entitled "La Chasse," decidedly the most astounding of his musical feats; for in it he imitates three different horns with so much exactness that the listener can scarcely credit his senses. Jetty de Treffz sang Donizetti's "Bay of Naples," and was of course encoored. On her re-appearance she sang "Home, sweet Home!" so sweetly that the unrelenting but delighted audience called her again, and only relapsed into quietness as the band commenced the accompaniment to "Trab, Trab!" which Jetty sang with so much archness that the audience, unwilling—though half inclined—to call upon her for the fourth time, gave vent to their enthusiasm in repeated salvos of applause.

The receipts of the last concert will, I trust, repay M. Jullien and the Philharmonic directors for the great trouble and expense they have encountered, and induce the popular conductor to pay us another visit as early as possible. "May he live a thousand years," to compose the most spirited of quadrilles and the most fascinating of polkas.

The first concert of the season of 1851 takes place on the 11th of February, for which Madlle. Angri, the only rival of Alboni, Mdlle. Graumann, Signor Tamburini, jun., Mr. Frank Mori, pianist, and Herr Ernst, the great German violinist, are engaged.

On Wednesday, the most fashionable and delightful Dress Ball that ever took place in this town was held by M. Jullien in the Philharmonic-hall. The great attraction was, of course, the popular conductor, and his band, renowned for the unequalled style in which they play dance music. The body of the hall was entirely cleared of the seats, and presented a space for dancing which cannot be found in any other public room in England. Spectators were admitted to the galleries and boxes, and the dancers, when fatigued by their exertions, reclined in the damask covered *fauteuils* placed so invitingly in the saloon. The company began to arrive rapidly shortly after ten o'clock, and kept up the dancing till about half-past two in the morning. The *élite* of the resident nobility and gentry of Liverpool and its vicinities were present. Some objection was made to there being no lady patronesses, but as the committee only gave vouchers to those whom they knew, it was just as impossible for any unqualified person to obtain tickets. In effect, the company was as "select" and "elect" as could have

been desired. Rank and wealth and beauty (which should have come first) were abundant. The "Grent Jullien" was all himself, while König was, as ever, king (*König*) of his instrument. Lord and Lady Sefton were conspicuous among the company.

The Oratorios at the Collegiate Institution are progressing satisfactorily. *Elijah* was performed on Wednesday; Thursday, the *Messiah*; Friday, *Israel in Egypt*; and Saturday, *Judas Maccabeus*. The audience, more numerous than on the former occasions, was highly gratified. Miss Ellen Lyon was encoired in "From mighty kings," and would have been in "Come, ever-smiling liberty," but the same subject was repeated in a duet with Miss M. Wells, immediately following. Miss Wells was very successful in "Wise men flattering," and Mr. M. Smith in "Sound an alarm," acquitted himself well. Mr. Barnby did justice to the air, "With pious hearts." "See the conquering hero comes," as a duet between Miss E. Lyon and Miss M. Wells, as a trio with Miss Linacre, and as a chorus created an equal sensation. The choruses went, on the whole, very steadily. The duet, "O lovely peace," was carefully sung by Miss E. Lyon and Miss M. Wells. Altogether this was the most gratifying performance that has been given, and we look forward with satisfaction to a repetition on Friday. On Monday evening *Deborah* was performed.

The new Christmas pantomime continues to attract at the Theatre Royal, and will continue the chief feature for weeks to come. The regiment of people, visible and invisible, who take part in its active and various machinery, are now well drilled; all works smoothly, and a right merry entertainment is the result.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler is going to give four Readings from Shakspeare at the Philharmonic Hall—rather a large arena, by the way. Her engagement is with the committee of the Philharmonic Society.

Messrs. Saqui and Miranda, two young vocalists of considerable local fame, gave their first concert at the Concert-hall, Lord Nelson-street, on Tuesday evening. The attendance was but middling, the body of the hall being the only place well filled. The beneficiars were well received by their friends, and encoired several times. Mr. Miranda promises well. The other artistes were Miss Whittall, Mrs. Geo. Holden, Mrs. McDougall, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Percival. The programme was too long.

M. Franconi's *troupe* continues to attract at the Royal Amphitheatre. During the week the performances have been novel and varied. Herr Maus's feats on the slack-wire are incredible: he balances himself on one foot, and, in this astonishing position, juggles with brass balls and twirls a hoop holding a glass filled with water round his head, without spilling a drop. M. Franconi's beautiful and docile steeds, "Mazagran" and "Waverley," and Mr. Stonette's dog "Hector," appear to be endowed with something more than instinct. The clowns vary the equestrian performances with hits and counter-hits, both spiritual and physical. The last tell best with the audience.

Liverpool, Jan. 9th, 1851.

J. H. N.

Our Scrap Book.

MELODY.—It is remarkable that the people of Europe are the only ones who have made use of the union of harmony and melody since the middle ages: antiquity seems not to have had any knowledge of it, and the Orientals do not understand it when they hear it. It would be easy to shew that the arrangement of the musical scale of some nations does not admit of harmony; and, on the other hand, that it is almost the necessary result of our gamut. Melody is of all countries and of all times; but its forms are variable, like the elements which enter into its composition. We must not imagine that melody, such as is heard in popular songs and at the theatre, has no other rules than those of fancy. The freest and most original genius, when it invents airs, obeys, unconsciously, certain laws of proportion, the effect of which is no more conventional than that of the drum upon the masses of soldiers that move at its beat. Let it not be supposed that this regularity of form affects those only who have studied the principles of music: whoever has an ear

not absolutely insensible or rebellious, perceives its effect, without analyzing his sensations.—(*Extracted from — ; by Aurelian.*)

INSTRUMENTATION.—Instrumentation is the art of employing instruments in the manner best adapted to derive from them the greatest possible effect in music. This art may be learned with time and experience; but it requires, like every other branch of music, a particular talent, and a certain instructive presentiment of the result of combinations. A composer, in arranging his music, or in making what is called the *score*—that is, a union of all the parts which are to concur in the general effect,—would write only at random, if he had not present to his mind the qualities of the sounds of each instrument, their accent, and the effects which result from their partial or entire combination. Sometimes, it is true, the composer obtains effects which he did not foresee; and, in other cases, those which he strives to produce, do not succeed; but, if skilled in his art, he generally attains the end which he proposes in the arrangement of the instrumentation. This faculty of foreseeing, by means of the intellectual powers alone, the effect of an orchestra, of which one is arranging the instrumentation, as if that orchestra were actually playing, is not the least of the marvels of music; it is nevertheless what always takes place, when a composer conceives any piece whatsoever; for the melody, the voices which accompany it, the harmony, the effect of the instruments, every thing, in short, is conceived at one gush, if the musician is born truly worthy of his name. As to those who only imagine these things in succession, we may be assured that their musical conception will always remain within narrow limits. Such was Grétry, who had a genius for dramatic expression and for happy melodies, but who, being but a second-rate musician, could never conceive, at once, the whole idea of a piece; whereas Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, and Rossini, never failed to conceive, at a single attempt, the effects which they wished to produce.—(*Extracted from — by Aurelian.*)

Miscellaneous.

ERNST.—This celebrated violinist has gone to Manchester to play at one of the classical soirées of M. Charles Hallé. He returns to London immediately.

BALFE'S CONCERT.—All the available talent in London, including, among other talent, Mdlle. Angri and Herr Ernst, will assist, on the 27th, as we are informed, at the benefit concert of this popular composer. Balfe is still at Paris.

WASHINGTON.—Mr. Henry Burton, lessee of the Holliday and Front-street theatres of this city, has leased National Hall, and will have it fitted up immediately for a theatre, to be opened in a few weeks with Miss Davenport.—*Baltimore Sun.*

MR. BALFE has taken advantage of the closing of the National Concerts to take a short trip to Paris.

M. SAINTON has gone to Toulouse, his native place, on a short visit to his family.

SIG. ROMMI.—This useful and intelligent member of the Royal Italian Opera *troupe* has returned to London for the season.

MR. RICHARDSON.—This eminent English flutist had the honour of performing before her Majesty and Prince Albert, on Friday last, at Windsor Castle, on "Siccama's Patent Diatonic Flute."

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The concerts next season will take place as follows:—March 10th and 24th, April 7th and 28th, May 12th and 20th, and June 9th and 23rd. Mr. Hogarth was elected secretary at a general meeting of the society, held on the 4th ult., vacant by the death of Mr. George Budd.

LIVERPOOL ASYLUM FOR ORPHAN BOYS.—Haydn's *Creation* will be performed at the Philharmonic Hall, on Tuesday, the 14th, for the benefit of the above-mentioned institution. The choir, band, organist, and conductor of the Philharmonic Society, with Miss Stott, Mr. Alfred St. Albin, and Mr. Armstrong, have offered their gratuitous services, and we trust that the public will come forward on the occasion.

RACHEL.—Mr. Mitchell, of the St. James's Theatre, it is said, has offered to engage Madlle. Rachel, the celebrated French actress, for the whole time of her *congé* (fifteen months,) at the enormous sum of 800,000 francs, for St. Petersburg and the United States. As Mr. Mitchell would have to engage actors to accompany her, the total risk to him would not be much less than 50,000*l*. [We cite this anecdote for what it is worth, with the proviso that we do not believe there is any foundation for it.]

PERLET.—This most celebrated of the Molierean actors of the present century, died recently in Paris. He was interred in the church of the Notre Dame de Lorette. His funeral oration was spoken by Mons. Samson, of the *Theatre Francois*, one of the most legitimate of his successors.

BALFE AND BUNN.—It is said that these ancient *collaborateurs* and popular servants of the public, have just completed a new opera. We know not how true the report may be. One thing is certain, that Balfe appears to be the only composer who can produce out of Bunn's librettos the entire musical effect of which they are susceptible.

THE SHAPCOTT FAMILY.—This family, consisting of Mr. Shapcott and six sons, gave a concert on the sax-horns, last evening, in the Corn Exchange, which was well filled. The performance consisted of selections from Earl Mornington, Bellini, Avison, Harwood, Handel, Rossini, Jullien, Horn, Donizetti, &c., many of which secured the plaudits of the audience. A little fellow, of six years old, who played the drum in the "Drum Polka," was encored.—*Maidstone Gazette*.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The following gentlemen have accepted the office of stewards, in addition to those already announced:—The Right Hon. The Earl of Harrowby, W. S. P. Hughes, Esq., (Mayor of Worcester), the Hon. G. Rushout, M.P., and William Hancox, Esq., of Blakeshall House, Kidderminster.—*Gloucester Journal*.

BATH.—On Tuesday evening Madame Anna Thillon and Mr. Hudson gave their new entertainment before a tolerably large audience. Their performances were received with considerable applause. Mr. H. C. Cooper played a *fantasia* at the Pump Room the same evening, the talented violinist obtaining the loudest demonstration of approval from his auditors. A series of entertainments, to be called "The Operative Concerts," are in contemplation at the Pump Room.

JULLIEN AT LIVERPOOL.—M. Jullien's second concert in the Philharmonic Hall was principally devoted to the compositions of Beethoven, the performance of which reflected great credit upon the intelligence and talents of himself and his band. The concert commenced with the overture to *Fidelio*, played in a highly effective manner; this was followed by Schubert's waltz, "Le Desir," one of the most simple and charming effusions of his pen (erroneously attributed to Beethoven). It is the *beau ideal* of a German dance tune, and was received by the audience with great delight, the variations of M. Jullien being deliciously played by the first violins, violoncellos, tenors, second violins, and contrabasses. Selections from the well known "Pastoral Symphony" followed next, after which Jetty Treffz was encored in the *lied* "Kennst du das land," which she sang to perfection. Mr. Viotti Collins' performance of "Il tremolo," an absurd caricature of one of Beethoven's best slow movements, was nevertheless applauded. The first portion of the concert concluded with the grand symphony in C minor, which was played entire, and listened to with attention throughout. In the second part of the concert, the performance of Jullien's *chef d'œuvre*, "The Great Exhibition Quadrille," in which the French drummers appear, created a furor, the audience being absolutely astounded by the volume, multitude, and novelty of the combinations. The national airs, forming solos for various instrumentalists, were listened to most attentively. The gifted Vivier was, of course, encored in his horn performance, and a similar honour was paid to Jetty Treffz, after her singing of "The Mountain Daisy," to which she replied by giving "Trab, trab," amidst boisterous manifestations of delight. The other pieces comprised a variety of polkas, valse, &c. "Mendelssohn concert" was to be the next treat of Jullien's providing.

THE FRENCH DRUMMERS IN MANCHESTER.—Wherever they go in England, the French drummers must prove extremely attractive, as they have done here. M. Jullien, who knows well (no man better, perhaps) the direction in which the taste of the multitude goes, has not failed to make the most of the fine form of the drum-major, Barbier, and when the tambour corps are in the orchestra his noble figure is prominently displayed on a red baize platform. Barbier is a tall man, and when his head is covered by the enormous bear-skin shako, he towers to colossal proportions, realizing to us the *beau ideal* of those warriors with whom, in years gone by, we found it so difficult to cope. That the drummers of France, especially those who are attached to any of the Paris battalions, have vast practice upon an instrument which seems to belong most properly to martial music, no one will be disposed to deny, when they remember how greatly its use enters into their military discipline; and we certainly were prepared to witness a display of skill that has not been disappointed. Decidedly the most novel feature their performance presents, is the system of leading to which they have to attend. Their chief rises, and with an eccentric motion of his silver-headed staff of rank, sometimes not unlike an evolution in the Indian exercise, he directs the character of the roll, which bursts forth simultaneously from all at once. Another evolution of the staff in the air, to the imminent danger of those behind him, and an obedient change to some other "chant," as these exercises are named, follows; a different motion, and a consequent change, and then a gradual lowering of the uplifted arm is the signal for a corresponding softening of tone, until at last it sinks to nothing. This last is a most beautiful effect, perfectly giving the idea of a corps receding in the distance, and it has been received with delight every evening. The facility of execution and the precision possessed by these men appears to be almost perfect; and certainly the tone of their instruments is very exciting. The *politesse* of the corps, it should be named, has been displayed more than once by the removal of their hats during the performance of our National Anthem, and of the major, by his military salute on their behalf, in acknowledgment of the plaudits.—*Manchester Courier*.

LITERARY PENSIONS.—The Queen has granted pensions on the civil list of £100 a year each to Mrs. Belzoni, the aged widow of the celebrated traveller, and to Mr. Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," and of several contributions to periodical literature, who is, we regret to hear, a great sufferer from bodily infirmities.—*Observer*.

ORATORIO AT ST. JOHN'S, DUKINFIELD.—We scarcely know anything more interesting than the spectacle of a poor congregation seeking to help themselves, and putting into operation plans enabling them to secure the aid of the wealthy in the attempt, when receiving it as patronage or eleemosynary relief. The church of St. John's, Dukinfield, has been burdened with a debt of considerable amount, ever since its erection, some five years ago, while the congregation, with only two or three exceptions, is composed of labouring men, whose earnings do not permit deductions to any large amount for charitable purposes. To rid themselves of the incubus they have projected an oratorio to be held in the church on the 20th instant, under the patronage of Mr. F. D. P. Astley, the lord of the manor. Haydn's Oratorio of the *Creation* has been selected, and Mrs. Sunderland has been engaged as principal soprano with other singers of talent.

PLYMOUTH.—Miss Newcomb has engaged Jullien, with Jetty Treffz, Vivier, and all the band, including the Drummers, &c., to give two Concerts, at which she herself will assist, on the 26th and 27th of February, at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth. Notwithstanding the enormous expense, Jullien's popularity and the young lady's widely circulated connection, will, there is little doubt, ensure the success of the speculation. Some of the artistes engaged at "The National Concerts," give a Musical Entertainment at Plymouth, on the 25th instant, under the direction of Captain Harry Lee Carter.

A CHORAL SOCIETY has been formed in the village of Upton St. Leonards, and it gave its first concert in the New School-room, on Thursday, the 26th ult., under the patronage of the Countess Dowager Done.—*Gloucester Journal*.

THALBERG.—This eminent pianist has lately been fathered with an opera by some of the public press, which is said to be destined for the lucky Mr. Lumley, who is, peradventure, wholly unaware of the good fortune in store for him. If M. Thalberg have really written an opera it is to be hoped that he has not taxed the vocal and instrumental performers as severely as he has taxed the whole race of modern pianoforte-players, ladies and gentlemen, amateur and professional, who consume so many hours out of the twenty-four in vain endeavours to execute *fantasias* that should have been consigned for the especial amusement of Madame Pleyel, Liszt, Leopold de Meyer, and the composer himself, since no others can possibly accomplish them, except some few who never try.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—After three performances of the *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given by this Society, under the direction of Mr. Costa, with Misses Birch, E. Birch, Dolby, and M. Williams, and the Messrs. Lockey, Whitworth, A. Novello, &c., as principal vocalists. On this occasion, we shall content ourselves with acknowledging the very great improvement, both in voice and singing, of Miss Eliza Birch, who promises to become one of our most available concert sopranos in a very short time, if she keep pace with her recent progress. Good sopranos are rare; and there is a position open to this young lady which it depends upon herself to occupy with profit and honour. Of the general performance we shall take occasion to speak when the oratorio is repeated on the 20th. Meanwhile, it is only fair to Mr. Whitworth, who has been severely criticised by some of the journals, to state the fact that he undertook the music of *Elijah* at a very short notice, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. H. Phillips, who was to have sung it.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A muster of the members of this Society took place at Gerard's Hall last week, to celebrate a public anniversary. The Rev. G. Roberts presided. "Non nobis Domine" having been sung, and the ordinary toasts duly honoured, the Chairman, after proposing "Success to the London Sacred Harmonic Society," gave a summary of the progress of sacred music, and pointed out the highly beneficial effects produced by its agency throughout the civilized world. After a long and eloquent discourse, in which he freely descanted upon the growth and improvement of the new Society, and paid flattering compliments to Mr. Surman and Mr. Perry for their indefatigable exertions in its support, the reverend gentleman concluded by indulging in the hope that, as Prince Albert was a musical scholar, so also might "England's future king" love and be schooled in the "art divine," and that the day might not be very remote when their illustrious names should stand enrolled on the pages of their institution, and when, too, Exeter Hall should be honoured with their company. A number of routine toasts being disposed of and responded to, the company separated. The musical arrangements were under the supervision of Mr. Lawler.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Friday, the 27th ult., the *Messiah* was given by this Society to a crowded hall. The soloists on the present occasion were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss M. Williams, and Miss Henderson, Messrs. Lockey and Lawler. The merits of Mrs. Sunderland's singing are well known to the visitors of the Hall. She was most successful in the recitative, "There were Shepherds," and the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She also gave "Rejoice Greatly" effectively. Miss Henderson, who made her *debut* here two years ago, took the soprano division of "He shall feed his Flock;" but as her exertions during the evening were confined to this one song, and as she was evidently nervous, we cannot venture to say more at present than that she has a nice voice, and is very prepossessing in appearance. Of the rest of the performers, including the chorus, it is needless to say more than that they exerted themselves zealously to promote an efficient *ensemble*. Will the directors inform us why it is that the beautiful duet, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting," and the chorus that follows it, are invariably omitted?

HASTINGS.—(From a Correspondent.)—A concert, the second of the season, took place on Thursday evening, at the Assembly Room, Swan Hotel, before a very crowded and elegant audience. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, and Mr. Frank Bodda. The instrumentalists were confined to Mr. Ward (concertina), and W. H. Acraman (piano). The performers in general acquitted themselves admirably. The encores were Miss Dolby in "I would be with thee," Mrs. Alexander Newton in "Lo! here the gentle lark," Mr. Frank Bodda in "Molly Bawn" and "Largo al factotum," two compositions of different kind and merit—and Mr. Bridge Frodsham in Nelson's "Madoline." Mr. Bridge Frodsham substituted the "Lass o' Gowrie" in the repeat, which was received with marked favor by the entire audience. The entertainments afforded unequivocal satisfaction throughout.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BULLY.—Yes.

Advertisements.

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